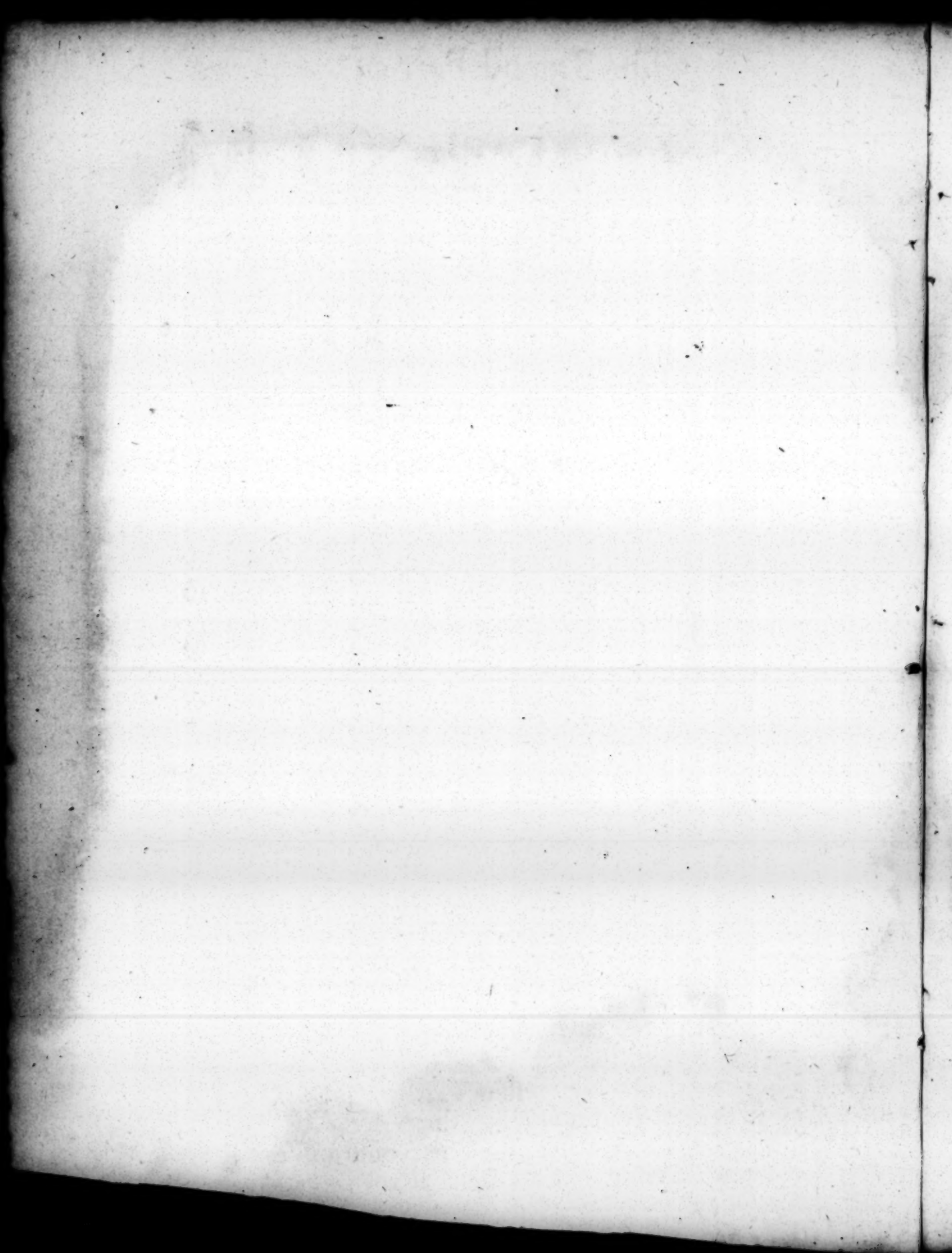


The Second Part of
ABSALOM
AND
ACHITOPHEL

A
POEM:

*... Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis
Capius Amore Leget.....*

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The Second Part of ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM,

Since Men like, Beasts each others Prey were made,
Since Trade began, and Priesthood grew a Trade,
Since Realms were form'd none sure so curst as those
That madly their own Happiness oppose;
There Heaven it self, and Godlike Kings, in vain
Showr down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign;
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.
Thus *David's* Goodness was e'en fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.
For now their Sov'reigns Orders to contemn
Was held the Charter of *Jerusalem*,
His Rights t' invade, his Tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the *Jews*;
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell,
And *Jacob's* Seed were chosen to rebell!

Achitophel with triumph sees his Crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the Times;
And *Absalom*, to make his hopes succeed,
Of Flatterie's Charms no longer stands in need;
While fond of Change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our Tribes out-strip the Youths Ambitious Thought;
His swiftest Hopes with swifter Homage meet,
And crowd their servile Necks beneath his Feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing Tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his Streamers in the Air
The Charms of Empire might his Youth mis-lead.
But what can our besotted Israel plead?

Sway'd

Sway'd by a Monarch whose serene Command,
Seems half the Blessing of our promis'd Land-
Whose onely Grievance is excess of Ease,
Freedome our Pain, and Plenty our Disease!
Yet since all Folly wou'd lay claim to Sense,
And Wickedness ne'r wanted a Pretence.
With Arguments they'd make their Treason good,
And righteous *David's* self with Slanders load:
That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,
And guilty *Jebusites* from Law protect,
Whose very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their Sacrificers bleed!
Accusers Infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain.
But soon they launcht into th' unfathom'd Tide,
And in the Depths they knew, disdain'd to Ride-
For probable Discoveries to dispence,
Was thought below a pention'd Evidence;
Meere Truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of Pamper'd *Corah*, When advanc't to Court.
No less than Wonders now they will impose,
And Projects void of Grace or Sense disclose.
Such was the Charge on pious *Michal* brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
The best of Queens, and most obedient Wife,
Impeach'd of curst Designs on *David's* Life!
His Life, the Theam of her eternal Pray'r,
'Tis scarce so much his Guardian Angels Care.
Not Summer Morns such Mildness can disclose,
The *Hermon* Lilly, nor the *Sharon* Rose.
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majesty,
Transported *Michal* feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives With Angels, and as Angels do;
Quits Heav'n sometimes to bless the World below.
Where cherisht by her Bounties plenteous Spring.
Reviving Widdows smile, and Orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious *Israel's* Crimes at height:
Are threatened with her Lord's approaching Fate,

The

5

The Piety of *Michal* then remain
In Heav'n's Remembrance, and prolong his Reign.
Less Desolation did the Pest pursue,
That from *Dan's* limits to *Beersheba* flew,
Less fatal the repeated Wars of *Tyre*,
And less *Jerusalem's* avenging Fire.
With gentler terror these our State o're-ran,
Than since our Evidencing Days began !
On every Cheek a pale Confusion sat,
Continu'd Fear beyond the worst of Fate !
Trust was no more, Art, Science useless made,
All occupations lost but *Corah's* Trade.
Mean while a Guard on modest *Corah* wait,
If not for safety needfull yet for State.
Well might he deem each Peer and Prince his Slave.
And Lord it o'er the Tribes which he could save:
E'en Vice in him was Vertue———what sad Fate
But for his Honesty had seiz'd our State ?
And with what Tyranny had we been curst,
Had *Corah* never prov'd a Villain first ?
T'have told his knowledge of th'Intrigue in gross
Had been alas to our Deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th'Experience got.
To husband well, and make the best of's Plot ;
And therefore like an Evidence of skill,
With wise Reserves secur'd his Pension still ;
Nor quite of future Pow'r himself bereft,
But Limbo's large for unbelievers left.
For now his Writ such Reverence had got,
'Twas worse than Plotting to suspect his Plot.
Some were so well convinc't, they made no doubt,
Themselves to help the founder'd Swearers out.
Some had their Sense impos'd on by their Fear.
But more for Int'rest sake believe and swear:
E'en to that height with some the Frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet, than all these a viler Crew remain,
Who with *Achitophel* the Cry maintain;

Not urg'd by fear nor through misguided sense
 Blind zeal, & starving Need had some pretence.
 But for the *Good Old Cause* that did excite
 Th' Original Rebels wiles, Revenge and Spight.
 These raise the Plot to have the Scandal thrown
 Upon the bright Successor of the Crown.
 Whose Vertue with such wrongs they had persu'd,
 As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
 Thus, while on private Ends their Zeal is built
 The cheated Crowd applaud and share their Guilt,

Such Practices as These, too gross to lye
 Long unobserv'd by each discerning Eye.
 The more judicious *Israelites* Unspell'd,
 Though still the Charm the giddy Rabble held,
 Ev'n *Absalom* amidst the dazzling Beams
 Of Empire, and Ambitions flattering Dreams,
 Perceives the Plot (too foul to be excus'd)
 To aid Designs, no less pernicious, us'd.
 And (Filial Sense yet striving in his Breast)
 Thus to *Achitophel* his Doubts exprest.

Why are my Thoughts upon a Crown employ'd,
 Which once obtain'd, can be but half Enjoy'd?
 Not so When Virtue did my Arms require,
 And to my Father's War I flew Intire.
 My Regal pow'r how will my Foes resent,
 When I my Self have scarce my own Consent?
 Give me a Son's unblemisht Truth again,
 Or quench the Sparks of Duty that remain
 How slight to force a Throne that Legions guard
 The Task to me; to prove Unjust how hard!
 And if th' imagin'd Guilt thus wound my Thought,
 What will it when the tragick Scene is wrought?
 Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
 The Realm we'd Rule we first must Overthrow.
 And when the Civil Furies are on wing
 That blind and undistinguisht Slaughters fling,
 Who knows what impious chance may reach the King?

} Or

Or rather let me Perish in the Strife,
 Than have my Crown the Price of *David's* Life!
 Or if the Tempest of the war he stand,
 In Peace, some vile officious Villain's hand
 His Soul's anointed Temple may invade,
 Or, prest by clamorous Crowds, my Self be made
 His Murtherer; rebellious Crowds, whose Guilt
 Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
 Which if my filial Tendernefs oppose,
 Since to the Empire by their Arms I rose,
 Those very Arms on Me shall be employ'd,
 A new Usurper Crown'd and I Destroy'd.
 The same pretence of Publick Good will hold
 And new *Achitophels* be found, as bold
 To urge the needful Change, perhaps the Old. }

He said. The Statesman with a smile replies,
 (A smile that did his rising spleen disguise.)
 My thoughts presum'd our labours at an End,
 And are we still with Conscience to contend?
 Whose want in Kings, as needful is allow'd,
 As 'tis for them to find it in the Crowd.
 Far in the doubtful Passage you are gone,
 And onely can be Safe by pressing on.
 The Crowns true Heir, a Prince severe, and wise,
 Has view'd your Motions long with Jealous Eyes;
 Your persons Charms, your more prevailing Arts
 And mark't your Progress in the peoples Hearts,
 Whose Patience is th' effect of stinted pow'r,
 But treasures Vengeance for the fatal hour.
 And if remote the Perill He can bring,
 Your Present Danger's greater from the King,
 Let not a Parent's name deceive your Sense,
 Nor trust the Father in a Jealous Prince?
 Your trivial Faults if he could so resent,
 To doom you little less than Banishment,
 What rage must your Presumption Since inspire?
 Against his Orders your Return from *Tyre*?

Nor

Nor onely so, but with a Pomp more high,
 And open Court of Popularity,
 The Factious Tribes—And this Reproof from thee ?
 (The Prince replies) O Statesmen's winding Skill,
 They first Condemn that first Advis'd the Ill!
 Illustrious Youth (return'd *Achitophel*)
 Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
 The Course you steer I worthy Blame conclude,
 But 'tis because you leave it Unpersu'd.
 A Monarch's Crown with Fate surrounded lyes,
 Who reach, lay hold on Death that miss the Prize.
 Did you for this expose your self to Show,
 And to the Crowd bow popularly low ?
 For this your Glorious Progress next ordain.
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous Train-
 With Fame before you like the Morning Starr,
 And Shouts of Joy saluting from afarr.
 Oh from the Heights you've reach't but take a View,
 Scarce leading *Lucifer* cou'd Fall like You !
 And must I here my Ship-wrackt Arts bemoan ?
 Have I for this so oft made *Israel* groan !
 Your single Interest with the Nation weigh'd,
 And turn'd the Scale where your Desires were laid ?
 Ev'n when at Helm a Course so dang'rous mov'd
 To Land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd.

I not dispute (the Royal youth replies)
 The known Perfection of your Policies,
 Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge, or blame,
 The Priviledge that Statesmen ever claim;
 Who private Interest never yet persu'd,
 But still pretended 'twas for Others good:
 What Polititian yet e'er scrap't his fate,
 Who saving his own Neck not sav'd the State ?
 From hence on ev'ry hum'rous Wind that veer'd,
 With shifted Sayls a sev'ral Course you Steer'd.
 What Form of Sway did *David* e'er persue
 That seem'd like Absolute but sprung from You ?

Who

Who at your instance quasht each penal Law,
 That kept dissenting factious *Jews* in awe.
 And who suspends fixt Laws, may abrogate,
 That done, form New, and so enslave the state,
 Ev'n Property, whose Champion now you stand,
 And seem for this the Idol of the Land,
 Did ne'er sustain such Violence before,
 As when your Counsel shut the Royal store;
 Advice, that Ruine to whole Tribes procur'd,
 But secret kept till your own Banks secur'd.
 Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,
 And *Israel* fitted for a Foreign yoke.
 Nor here your Counsels fatal Progress staid,
 But sent our levied Pow'rs to *Pharaoh's* Aid.
 Hence *Tyre* and *Israel*, low in Ruins laid, (made.
 And *Egypt* once their Scorn, their common Terrour
 Ev'n yet of such a Season we can dream,
 When Royal Right you made your darling Theam.
 For Pow'r unlimited could Reasons draw,
 And place Prerogative above the Law;
 Which on your fall from Office grew Unjust,
 The Laws made King, the King a Slave in Trust:
 Whom with State-craft (to Int'rest onely True)
 You now Accuse of ills contriv'd by You.

To this Hell's Agent——Royal Youth fix here,
 Let Int'rest be the Star by which I Steer.
 Hence to repose your Trust in Me was wise,
 Whose Int'rest most in your Advancement lies:
 A Tye so firm as always will avail
 When Friendship, Nature and Religion fail;
 On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,
 Secure the Crowd and we obtain our Ends,
 Whom I will! cause so far our Guilt to share
 Till they are made our Champions by their Fear.
 What Opposition can your Rival bring,
 While Sanhedrims are Jealous of the King,
 His Strength as yet in *David's* Friendship lies,
 And what can *David's* Self without Supplies;

Who with Exclusive Bills must now Dispenſe,
 Debarr the Heir, or Starve in his Defence.
 Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit,
 And *David's* Juſtice never can admit.
 Or forc't by Wants his Brother to betray,
 To your Ambition next he clears the Way;
 For if Succeſſion once to Nought they bring,
 Their next Advance removes the preſent King.
 Perſiſting elſe his Senates to diſſolve,
 In equall Hazzard ſhall his Reign involve.
 Our Tribes, whom *Pharaoh's* Pow'r ſo much Alarms,
 Shall riſe without their Prince t' oppoſe his Arms;
 Nor boots it on what Cauſe at firſt they Joyn,
 Their Troops once up, are Tools for our deſign.
 At leaſt ſuch ſubtle Covenants ſhall be made,
 Till Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
 Associations of Myſterious Senſe,
 Againſt, But ſeeming for the King's Defence:
 Ev'n on their Courts of Juſtice Fetters draw,
 And from our Agents Muzzleup their Law.
 By which, a Conqueſt if we fail to make,
 'Tis a drawn Game at worſt, and we ſecure our Stake.

He ſaid, and for the dire Succeſs depends
 On various Sects, by common Guilt made Friends.
 Whoſe Heads, though ne'er ſo diff'ring in their Creed,
 I'th point of Treason yet were well Agreed.
 'Mongſt theſe, Extorting *Iſhban* firſt appears,
 Perſu'd b' a meager Troop of Bankrupt Heirs.
 Bleſt Times, when *Iſhban*, He whoſe Occupation
 So long has been to Cheat, Reformes the Nation!
Iſhban of Conſcience ſuited to his Trade,
 As good a Saint as Uſurer e'er made.
 Yet *Mammon* has not ſo engroſt him quite,
 But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of ſpight;
 Who, for thoſe Pardons from his Prince he draws,
 Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cauſe.
 That Year in which the City he did ſway.
 He left Rebellion in a hopeful way.

Yet his Ambition once was found so bold,
 To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;
 Cou'd *David's* wants have So been brib'd to shame
 And scandalize our Peerage with his Name!
 For which, his dear Sedition he'd forswear,
 And e'en turn Loyal to be made a Peer.
 Next him, let Railing *Rabshaka* have place
 So full of Zeal He has no need of Grace;
 A Saint that can both Flesh and Spirit use,
 Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews;
 Of whom the Question difficult appears,
 If most i'th, Preachers or the Bawds Arrear,
 What Caution cou'd appear too much in Him
 That keeps the Treasure of *Jerusalem*!
 Let *David's* Brother but approach the Town,
 Double our Guards, (He cries) *We are undone.*
 Protesting that He dares not Sleep in's Bed
 Lest he should Rise next Morn without his Head,

Next these, a Troop of buisy Spirits press,
 Of little Fortunes, and of Conscience Less;
 With them the Tribe whose Luxury had drain'd
 Their Banks, in former Sequestrations gaind:
 Who Rich and Great by past Rebellions grew,
 And long to fish the troubled Waves anew.
 Some future Hopes, some present Payment draws,
 To Sell their Conscience and espouse the Cause,
 Such Stipends those vile Hirelings best besit,
 Priests without Grace, and Poets without Wit.
 Shall that false *Hebronite* escape our Curse,
Judas that keeps the Rebels Pension-Purse;
Judas that pays the Treason-writers Fee,
Judas that well deserves his Nam sake's Tree;
 Who at *Jerusalem's* own Gates Erects
 His College for a Nursery of Sects.
 Young Prophets with an early Care secures.
 And with the Dung of his own Arts manures.
 What have the Men of *Hebron* here to do?
 What part in *Israel's* promis'd Land have you?

Here *Phaleg* the Lay *Hebronite* is come,
 'Cause like the rest he could not live at Home,
 Who from his one Possession's cou'd not drain
 An Omer even of *Hebronitish* Grain,
 Here Struts it like a Patriot, and talks high
 Of Injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property :
 An Emblem of that buzzing Insect Just,
 That mounts the Wheel, and thinks she raises Dust.
 Can dry Bones Live? or *Skeletons* produce
 The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?
 Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed,
 Return'd the grateful product to the Bed.
 A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles chose,
 He, his own Laws, wou'd Sawcily impose ;
 Till Bastinado'd back again he went,
 To Learn those Manners he to Teach was sent.
 Chastiz'd, he ought to have retreated Home,
 But He reads Politicks to *Absalom*.
 For never *Hebronite* though Kickt and Scorn'd,
 To his own Country willingly return'd.
 — But leaving famish'd *Phaleg* to be fed,
 And to talk Treason for his daily Bread,
 Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man
 So made for Mischief as *Ben-Jochanan*,
 A Jew of Humble Parentage was He,
 By Trade a Levite though of low Degree :
 His Pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,
 But for the Drudgery of Priests was hir'd
 To Read and Pray in Linnen Ephod brave,
 And pick up single Sheckles from the Grave.
 Married at last, and finding Charge come faster,
 He, Cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Master:
 Inspir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool.
 They Got a Villain. and we lost a Fool.
 Still Violent, whatever Cause he tooke
 But most against the party he forsook,
 For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double Knave.

So this Prose-Prophet took most monstrous Pains,
 To let his Masters see he earn'd his Gains.
 But as the Dev'l owes all his Imps a shame,
 He chose th' *Apostate* for his proper Theme;
 With little pains he made the Picture true,
 And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.
 A wondrous work to prove the *Jewish* Nation,
 In every Age a Murmuring Generation:
 To trace 'em from their Infancy of Sinning,
 And shew 'em Factious from their first Beginning.
 To prove they cou'd Rebel, and Rail, and Mock,
 Much to the Credit of the Chosen Flock;
 A strong Authority which must Convince,
 That Saints own no Allegiance to their Prince.
 As 'tis a Leading-Card to make a whore,
 To prove her Mother had turn'd up before.
 But, tell me, did the Drunken Patriot Bless
 The Son that shew'd his Fathers Nakedness
 Such thanks the present Church thy pen will give
 Which proves Rebellion was so Primitive
 Must Ancient Failings be Examples made,
 Then Murtherers from *Cain* may learn their Trade?
 As thou the Heathen and the Saint hast drawn,
 Methinks th' *Apostate* was the better man:
 And thy hot *Father* (waving my respect)
 Not of a Mother Church, but of a Sect.
 And Such he needs must be of thy Inditing,
 This Comes of drinking Asses milk and writing.
 If *Balack* shou'd be cal'd to leave his place
 (As profit is the loudest call of Grace,)
 His Temple dispossest'd of one, wou'd be
 Replenish'd with seven Devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay the down,
 And shew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;
 Poor Slaves metre, dull and adle-pated,
 Who Rhime below ev'n *David's* Psalms translated.
 Some in my Speedy pace I must outrun,
 As lame *Mephibosheth* the Wisard's Son.

To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten *Uzza* as I wou'd the Pox;
 And hasten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearse,
 Two Foo's that Crutch their Feeble sense on Verse;
 Who by my Muse, to all succeeding times,
 Shall live in spite of their own Dogre! Rhimes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody;
 Spurd boldy on, and Dash'd through Thick and Thin,
 Through Sense and Non-sense, never out nor in;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, Heroically mad.

He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
 But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
 And if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd all was Well. }
 Spightful he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
 For still there goes some *thinking* to Ill-Nature:
 He needs no more than Birds and Beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.

If he call Rogue and Rascal from a Garrat,
 He means you no more Mischief than a Parat:
 The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
 To Feter 'em in Verse is all his Trade.

For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother:
 And call Young *Absalom* King *David's* Brother.

Let him be Gallows-Free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant;
 Hanging Supposes humane Soul and reason,
 This Animal's below committing Treason:
 Shall he be hang'd who never cou'd Rebel?
 That's a preferment for *Achitophel*.

The Woman that Committed Buggary,
 Was rightly Sentenc'd by the Law to die;
 But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led,
 The Dog that never heard the Statute read.

Railing in other Men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him;
 Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
 For to write Verse with him is to *Transprose*.

'Twere pity treason at his Door to lay,
 Who makes *Heaven's gate a Lock to its own Key*.
 Let him rayl on, let his invective muse
 Have four and Twenty Letters to abuse,
 Which if he Jumbles to one line of Sense,
 Indict him of a Capital Offence.
 In Fire-works give him leave to vent his spight.
 Those are the onely Serpents he can write;
 The hight of his Ambition is we know
 But to be Master of a Puppet show,
 On that on Stage his works may yet appear;
 And a months Harvest keeps him all the Year.

Now stop your noses Readers, all and some, }
 For here's a tun of Midnight work to come, }
 Og from a Treason Tavern rowling home.
 Round as a Globe, and Liquor'd ev'ry chink,
 Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link;
 With all this Bu'k there's nothing left in Og
 For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue.
 A Monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the Devils had spew'd to make the batter.
 When wine has given him courage to Blaspheme,
 He Curses God, but God before Curst him;
 And if man cou'd have reason none has more,
 That made his Paunch so rich and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
 What 'twas of Old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what wou'd he on Quail and Pheasant swell,
 That ev'n a on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebel?
 But though Heav'n made him poor, (with rev'rence
 He never was a Poet of God's making; (speaking,
 The Midwife laid her hand on his Thick Skull,
 With this Prophetick blessing --- *Be thou Dull*;
 Drink, Swear and Roar, forbear no lew'd delight
 Fit for thy Bulk, do any thing but write:
 Thou art of lasting Make like thoughtless men,
 A strong Nativity ~~but~~ but for the Pen;

Eat Opium, ming'le Arsenick in thy Drink,
Still thou mayst live avoiding Pen and Ink,
I see, I see 'tis Counsel given in vain,
For Treason botcht in Rhime will be thy bane ;
Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck:
Why shoud thy Metre good King *David* blast?
A Psalm of his will Surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the peny Pamphlet foil'd in Prose
Doeg whom God for Mankinds mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy tallent in thy very Trade;
Doeg to thee thy paintings are so Course,
A Poet is, though he's the Poets Horse.
A Double Noose thou on thy Neck dost pull,
For Writing Treason, and for Writing dull;
To die for Faction is a Common evil,
But to be hang'd for Non-sense is the Devil:
Had'st thou the Glories of thy King exprest,
Thy praises had been Satyr at the best ;
But thou in Clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
Hast Shamefully defi'd the Lord's Anointed :
I will not rake the Dunghil of thy Crimes,
For who wou'd read thy Life that reads thy rhimes ?
But of King *David*'s Foes be this the Doom,
May all be like the Young-man *Abfalom* ;
And for my Foes may this their Blessing be,
To talk like *Doeg*, and to Write like Thee.

Achitophel each Rank, Degree and Age,
For various Ends neglects not to Engage;
The Wise and Rich for Purse and Counsel brought,
The Fool's and Beggars for their Number sought:
Who yet not onely on the Town depends,
For Ev'n in Court the Faction had its Friends,
These thought the Places they posselt too small,
And in their Hearts wisht Court and King to fall:
Whose Names the Muse disdaining holds i'th' Dark,
Thrust in the Villain Herds without a Mark ;

With

With Parasites and Libell-spawning Imps,
 Intriguing Fopps, dull Jesters and worse Pimps.
 Disdain the Rascal Rabble to persue,
 Their Sett Cabals are yet a viler Crew;
 See where involv'd in Common Smoak they sit;
 Some for our Mirth, some for our Satyr fit:
 These Gloomy, Thoughtful and on Mischief bent,
 While those for mere good Fellowship frequent
 Th' Appointed Clubb can let Sedition pass,
 Sense, Non-sense, any thing t'employ the Glas;
 And who believe in their dull honest Hearts,
 The Rest talk Treason but to shew their Parts;
 Who n'er had Wit or Will for Mischief yet,
 But pleas'd to be reputed of a Set.

But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,
 Industrious *AROD* never be forgot.
 The Labours of this Midnight-Magistrate,
 May Vie with *Corah's* to preserve the State;
 In search of Arms, He fail'd not to lay hold
 On War's most powerful dang'rous Weapon, *GOLD*:
 And last, to take from *Jebusites*, all Odds,
 Their Altars pillag'd, stole their very Gods;
 Oft wou'd He Cry, when Treasure He surpriz'd,
 'Tis Baalish Gold in David's Coyn Disguiz'd.
 Which to his House with *Richer Relicks* came,
 While Lumber Idols onely fed the Flame:
 For our wise Rabble ne'er took pains t'enquire,
 What 'twas he burnt, so't made a rousing Fire.
 With which our Elder was enrich no more
 Than False *Gebazi* with the *Syrian's* Store;
 So Poor, that when our Choosing-Tribes were met,
 Ev'n for his Stinking Votes He ran in Debt;
 For Meat the Wicked, and as Authours think,
 The Saints He Chous'd for His Electing Drink;
 Thus, ev'ry Shifts and subtil'e Method past,
 And All to be no *Zaken* at the Last.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre's* sad Ruines, *Pharaoh's* Pride
 Soar'd high, his Legions threatning far and wide:
 As when a battering Storm ingenderd high,
 By Winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the Sky,
 Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain,
 This for his Vineyard fears, and that his Grain;
 For blooming Plants, and Flow'r's new Opening, These
 For Lambs, ean'd lately, and far-lab'ring Bees;
 To Guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,
 Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will fall:
 Ev'n so the doubtful Nations watch his Arms,
 With Terrour each expecting his Alarms.
 Where *Judah*, where was now, thy Lyons Roar?
 Thou onely cou'dst the Captive Lands restore;
 But Thou, with inbred Broils, and Faction prest,
 From *Egypt* needst a Gardian with the Rest.
 Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Trust allow'd;
 Too much the Representers of the Crowd,
 Who for their own Defence give no Supply,
 But what the Crowns Prerogatives must buy:
 As if their Monarch's Rights to violate,
 More needful were then to preserve the State!
 From present Dangers they divert their Care,
 And all their Fears are of the Royal Heir;
 Whom now the reigning Malice of his Foes,
 Unjudg'd wou'd Sentence, and e'er Crown'd, Depose.
 Religion the Pretence, but their Decree
 To barr his Reign, whate'er his Faith shall be!
 By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus prest
 What passions rent the righteous *David's* Breast?
 Who knows not how t'oppose, or to comply,
 Unjust to Grant, and dangerous to Deny!
 How near in this dark Juncture *Israel's* Fate,
 Whose Peace one sole Expedient cou'd create,
 Which yet th'extremest Virtue did require,
 Ev'n of that Prince whose Downfal they conspire!
 His Absence *David* does with Tears advise,
 T'appease their Rage, Undaunted He Complies?

Thus

Thus he who prodigal of Blood, and Eaſe,
 A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,
 At once contending with the Waves and Fire,
 And heading Danger in the Wars of *Tyre*,
 Inglorious now forſakes his Native Sand,
 And like an Exile quits the promis'd Land,
 Our Monarch ſcarce from preſſing Tears refrains,
 And painfully his Royal State maintains,
 Who now embracing on th'extremeſt Shore
 Almost Revokes what he Injoyn'd before,
 Concludes at laſt more Truſt to be allow'd,
 To Sorms and Seas, than to the raging Crowd /
 Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting Scene to draw,
 With Silence charm'd as deep as theirs that ſaw!
 Not only our attending Nobles weep,
 But hardy Saylers ſwell with Tears the Deep!
 The Tyde reſtrain'd her Courſe, and more amaz'd,
 The Twyn-Stars on the Royal Brothers gaz'd:
 While this ſole Fear——

Does Trouble to our ſuff'ring Heroe bring
 Left next the Popular Rage oppreſs the King!
 Thus parting, each for th'others Danger griev'd,
 The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince receiv'd:
 Go injur'd Heroe while propitious Gales,
 Soft as thy Conſorts breath inſpire thy Sails;
 Well may She truſt her Beauties on a Flood,
 Where thy Triumphant Fleets ſo oft have rode!
 Safe on thy Breſt reclin'd her Reſt be deep,
 Rockt like a *Nereid* by the Waves aſleep;
 While happieſt Dreams her Fancy entertain,
 And to *Elyſian Fields* convert the Main!
 Go injur'd Heroe while the Shores of *Tyre*,
 At thy Approach ſo Silent ſhall admire,
 Who on thy Thunder ſtill their thoughts imploy,
 And greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy,

On Heroes thus the Prophet's Fate is thrown,
 Admir'd by ev'ry Nation but their Own;

Yet while our factious *Jews* his Worth deny,
 Their Aking Conscience gives their Tongue the Lye.
 Ev'n in the worst of Men the noblest Parts
 Confess him, and he Triumphs in their Hearts,
 Whom to his King the best Respects commend
 Of Subject, Souldier, Kinsman, Prince and Friend;
 All Sacred Names of most divine Esteem,
 And to Perfection all sustain'd by Him,
 Wise, Just and Constant, Courtly without Art,
 Swift to discern and to reward Desert;
 No Hour of His in fruitless Ease destroy'd,
 But on the noblest Subjects still employ'd:
 Whose steddly Soul ne'er learnt to Separate
 Between his Monarch's Int'rest and the State,
 But heaps those Blessings on the Royal Head,
 Which He well knows must be on Subjects shed.

On what Pretence cou'd then the Vulgar Rage
 Against his Worth, and native Rights engage?
 Religious Fears their Argument are made,
 Religious Fears his Sacred Rights invade!
 Of future Superstition They complain,
 And *Jebusitic* Worship in His Reign;
 With such Alarms his Foes the Crowd deceive,
 With Dangers fright, which not Themselves believe.

Since nothing can our Sacred Rites remove,
 Whate'er the Faith of the Successor prove:
 Our *Jews* their Ark shall undisturb'd retain,
 At least while their Religion is their Gain,
 Who know by old Experience *Baal's* Commands
 Not onely claim'd their Conscience, but their Lands;
 They grutch God's Tythes, how therefore shall they yield
 An Idol full possession of the Field?
 Grant such a Prince enthron'd, we must confess
 The People's Sufferings than that Monarch's less,
 Who must to hard Conditions still be bound,
 And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound:
 Or shou'd his thoughts to Tyranny incline,
 Where are the means to compass the design?

Our Crowns Revenues are to short a Store,
 And Jealous Sanedrims wou'd give no more !
 As vain our Fears of *Egypt's* potent Aid,
 Not so has *Pharoab* learnt Ambition's Trade,
 Nor ev' with such Measures can comply,
 As Shock the common Rules of Policy ;
 None dread like Him the Growth of *Israel's* King,
 And He alone sufficient Aids can bring ;
 Who knows that Prince to *Egypt* can give Law,
 That on our Stubborn Tribes his Yoak cou'd draw.
 At such profound Expencc He has not Stood.
 Nor dy'd for this his Hands so deep in Blood ; (take,
 Wou'd nere through Wrong and Right his Progress
 Grudge his own Rest, and keep the World awake,
 To fix a Lawless Prince on *Judah's* Throne,
 First to Invade our Rights, and then his Own ;
 His dear-gain'd Conquests cheaply to despoil,
 And Reap the Harvest of his Crimes and Toil.
 We grant his Wealth Vast as our Ocean's Sand,
 And Curse its Fatal Influence on our Land,
 Which our Brib'd *Jews* so num'rously pertake,
 That ev'n an Host his Pensioners wou'd make ;
 From these Deceivers our Divisions spring,
 Our Weakness, and the Growth of *Egypt's* King ;
 These with pretended Friendship to the State,
 Our Crowd's Suspicion of their Prince Create,
 Both pleas'd and frightend with the specious Cry,
 To Guard their Sacred Rights and Property ;
 To Ruin, thus, the Chosen Flock are So'd,
 While Wolves are tane for Guardians of the Fold ;
 Seduc'd by these, we groundlessly complain,
 And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign :
 Thus our Fore-fathers crooked Paths are trod,
 We trust our Prince, no more then They their God,
 But all in vain our Reasoning Prophets Preach,
 To those whom sad Experience ne're cou'd Teach.
 Who can commence new Broils in Bleeding Scars,
 And fresh Remembrance of Intestine Wars ;

When

When the same Household Mortal Foes did yield,
 And Brothers stain'd with Brothers Blood the Field;
 When Sons Curst Steel the Fathers Gore did Stain,
 And Mothers Mourn'd for Sons by Fathers Slain?
 When thick, as *Egypt's* Locusts on the Sand, (Land
 Our Tribes lay Slaughter'd through the promis'd
 Whose few Survivors with worse Fate remain,
 To drag the Bondage of a Tyrants Reign.
 Which Scence of Woes, unknowing We renew,
 And madly, ev'n those ills we Fear, persue;
 While *Pharaoh* laughs at our Domestick Broils,
 And safely crowds his Tents with Nations Spoils.
 Yet our fierce Sanedrim in restless Rage,
 Against our absent Heroe still engage:
 And chiefly urge, (such did their frenzy prove,)
 The only Suit their Ptnce forbids to move,
 Which till obtain'd, they cease Affairs of State,
 And real Dangers wave, for groundless Hate
 Long *David's* Patience waits Relief to bring.
 With all th' Indulgence of a lawful King,
 Expecting till the troubled Waves wou'd cease,
 But found the raging Billows still increase.
 The Crowd, whose Insolence Forbearance swells,
 While he forgives too far, almost Rebels,
 At last his deep Resentments silence broke,
 Th' Imperial Pallace shook, while thus He spoke,
 Then Justice wake. and rigour take her time,
 For Lo! Our Mercy is become our Crime,
 While hauling Punishment her stroke delays,
 Our Sov'reign Right, Heav'ns Sacred Trust, decays
 For whose support ev'n Subjects Interest calls,
 Wo to that Kingdom where the Monarch Falls.
 That Prince who yields the least of Regal Sway,
 So far his Peoples Freedom does Betray:
 Right lives by Law, and Law subsists by Pow'r
 Disarm the Shepherd, Wolves the Flock devour,
 Hard Lot of Empire o're a stubborn Race,
 Which Heav'n it Self in vain has try'd with Grace?

when

When will our Reasons long charm'd Eyes unclose,
 And *Israel* judge between her Freinds and Foes ?
 When shall we see expir'd Deceivers Sway,
 And credit what our God and Monarchs say ?
 Dissembled Patriots brib'd with *Egypt's* Gold,
 Ev'n Sanedrims in blind Obedience hold;
 Those Patriots Falshood in their Actions see,
 And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree;
 Ifought for which so loudly they declaim
 Religion, Laws, and Freedom were their Aim;
 Our Senates in due Methods they had led,
 T' avoid those Mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
 But first er'e yet they propt the sinking State,
 T' impeach and charge as urg'd by private Hate;
 Proves that they ne're beleiv'd the Fears they prest,
 But Barb'rously destroyed the Nations Rest !
 O ! Whither will ungovern'd Senates drive?
 And to what Bounds licentious Votes arrive?
 When their Injustice We are prest to share,
 The Monarch urg'd t'exclude the lawful Heir;
 Are Princes thus distinguish'd from the Crowd,
 And this the Priviledge of Royal Blood
 But grant we shou'd Confirm the Wrongs they prest,
 His Sufferings yet were, than the Peoples, less.
 Condem'd for Life the Murdring Sword to wield,
 And on their Heirs entail a Bloody Field :
 Thus madly their own Freedom they betray ,
 And for th' Oppression which they fear make way;
 Succession fixt by Heav'n the Kingdoms Bar,
 Which once dissolv'd, admits the Flood of War;
 Wast, Rapine Spoil without th' Assault begin,
 And our mad Tribes Supplant the Fence within.
 Since then their Good they will not understand.
 'Tis time to take the Monarchs Pow'r in hand
 Authority and Force to joyn with Skill,
 And save the Lunaticks against their will.
 The same rough Means that swage the Crowd appease
 Our Senates raging with the Crowds Disease.

Hence.

Henceforth unbias'd Measures let 'em draw
 From no fals, Gloss, but Genuine Text of Law;
 Nor urge those Crimes upon Religious score
 Themselves so much, in Jebusites Abhor.
 Whom Laws convict (and only they) shall Bleed,
 Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be Freed.
 Impartial Justice from our Throne shall Shou'r,
 All shall have Right, and We our Sov'reign Pow'r,
 He said, th' Attendants heard with awful Joy,
 And glad Presages their fixt Thoughts employ;
 From *Hebron* now the suffering Heir Return'd,
 A Realm that long with Civil Discor'd Mournd;
 Till his Approach, like some Arriving God,
 Compos'd, and heal'd the place of his Abod;
 The Deluge checkt that to *Judea* spread,
 And stopt Sedition at the Fountain's Head.
 Thus in forgiving *David's* Paths he drives,
 And chas'd from *Israel*, *Israels* Peace contrives.
 The Feild confest his Pow'r in Arms before,
 And Seas proclaim'd his Tryumphs to the Shore;
 As nobly has his Sway in *Hebron* shewn,
 How fit t'Inherit Godlike *David's* Throne?
 Through *Sion's* Streets his glad Arrivals spread,
 And Conscious Faction shrinks her snaky head;
 His Train their Sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
 The Crowds Applause with Vertue once agree.
 Success charms All, but Zeal for Worth distrest
 A Virtue proper to the Brave and Best;
 'Mongst whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* always bent
 To serve the Crown and Loyal by Descent.
 Whose Constancy so Firm, and Conduct Just,
 Deserv'd at once Two Royal Masters Trust;
 Who *Tyre's* proud Arms had Manfully withstood
 On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the Flood
 Of Learning, yet no Portion was deny'd,
 Friend to the Muses, and the Muses Pride.
 Nor can *Benaiah's* worth forgotten lie,
 Of steddy Soul when Publick Storms were high;
 whose

Whose Conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onsets made,
 Secur'd at once our Honour & our Trade. (mourn'd,
 Such were the Chiefs, who most his Suff'rings
 And viewd with silent Joy the Prince return'd;
 While those that sought his absence to Betray,
 Press first their Nauseous False Respects to pay;
 Him still th' officious Hypocrites Molest,
 And with malicious Duty break his Rest.
 While real Transports thus his Friends Employ,
 And Foes are Loud in their dissembled Joy,
 His Triumphs so resounded far and near,
 Mist not his Young ambitious Rivals Ear;
 And as when joyful Hunters clamrou's Train,
 Some slumbring Lion wakes in *Moab's* Plain,
 Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants Yield,
 And scatter'd his Persuers through the Field,
 Disdaining, furls his Main, and tears the Ground,
 His Eyes enflaming all the Desert Round,
 With Roar of Seas directs his Chasers sway,
 Provokes from far, and dares them to the Fray.
 Such Rage storm'd now in *Absalom's* fierce Breast,
 Such Indignation his fir'd Eyes Confest;
 Where now was the Instructor of his Pride?
 Slept the Old Pilot in so rough a Tide?
 Whose wiles had from the happy Shore betrayed,
 And thus on shelves the cred'lous Youth convey'd;
 In deep resolving Thoughts He weighs his State,
 Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,
 At least, if his storm'd Bark must go adrift,
 To baulk his Charge, and for himself to shift,
 In which his dextrous Wit had oft been shown,
 And in the wreck of Kingdoms sav'd his own;
 But now with more then Common Danger prest,
 Of various Resolutions stands posselt,
 Perceives the Crowds unstable Zeal decay,
 Least their Recanting Chief the Cause betray,
 Who on a Father's Grace his Hopes may ground,
 And for his Pardon with their Heads compound.
 Him therefore, e're his Fortune slip her Time
 The Statesman Plots t'engage in some bold Crime.

Past Pardon, whether to attempt his Bed,
Or threat with open Armes the Royal Head,
Or other daring method, and Unjust,
That may secure him in the peoples Trust.
But failing thus t'ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new Pretenders luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he wou'd persue,
Nor cares what Claimer's Crownd except the True.
Wake *Absalom*, approaching ruine shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art Undone!
How are thy Honours and thy Fame betray'd,
The Property of desp'rate Villains made,
Lost Pow'r and Conscious Fears their Crimes Create;
And Guilt in them was little less then Fate
But why shou'dst Thou from ev'ry Grievance free;
Forake thy Vineyards for their Stormy Sea;
For Thee did *Canaans* Milk and Honey flow;
Love drest Thy Bow'rs, and Lawrels sought thy Brow.
Preferment, VVealth and Pow'r thy Vassels were,
And of a Monarch all things but the Care,
Oh shou'd our Crimes, again, that Curse draw down,
And Rebel-arms once more attempt the Crown,
Sure Ruin waits unhappy *Absalom*,
Alike by Conquest or Defeat undone;
VWho cou'd relentless see such Youth and Charms,
Expire with wretched Fate in Impious Armes?
A Prince so form'd with Earth's. and Heav'n's Applause,
To Triumph ore Crown'd Heads in *David's* Cause:
Or grant him Victor, still his hopes must fail,
VWho, Conquering, wou'd not for himself prevail;
The Faction whom He trusts for future sway,
Him and the Publique wou'd alike Betray;
Amongst themselves divide the Captive State,
And found their *Hydra*-Empire in his Fate!
Thus having beat the Clouds with painful Flight,
The pitty'd Youth with Scepters in his sight;
(So have their Cruel Politicks Decreed,)
Must by that Crew that made him Guilty, Bleed!

For

For cou'd their Pride brook any Prince's sway,
 Whom but mild *David* wou'd they choose t'Obey?
 Who once at such a gentle reign Repin,
 The Fall of Monarchy it self design;
 From Hate to that their Reformations spring,
 And *David* not their grievance, but the King.
 Seiz'd now with pannick Fear the faction lies,
 Least this clear truth strike *Abfalom*'s charm'd Eyes,
 Least he percieve, from long enchantment free,
 What all, beside the flatter'd Youth, must see.
 But whate're doubts his troubled bosome swel,
 Fair carriage still became *Achitophel*.
 Who now an envious festival enstalls,
 And to survey their strength the faction calls,
 Which fraud, religious Worship too must guild;
 But oh how weakly does sedition Build?
 For Lo! the Royal Mandate issues forth,
 Dashing at once their Treason, Zeal, and Mirth!
 So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
 Where careful Emmits had their Forrage laid,
 Whether fierce *Vulcan*'s rage, the Furzy Plain
 Had seiz'd engendred by some careless Swan;
 Or swelling *Neptune* lawless Inroads made,
 And to their cell of Store his flood convey'd;
 The Common-wealth broke up distracted go,
 And in wild hast their loaded mates o'rethrow:
 Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
 With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roast, all jostling in the street;
 Dejected all, and rufully dismai'd,
 For *Sheckle* without treat, or Treason paid.

Seditions dark Eclipse now fainter shows,
 More bright each hour the Royal Plannet grows,
 Of force the Clouds of envy to disperse,
 In kind Conjunction of assisting Stars.
 Here lab'ring Muse those glorious chiefs relate,
 That turnd the doubtful Scale of *David*'s Fate;
 The rest of that Illustrious Band rehearse,
 Immortalliz'd in Lawrell'd *Asaph*'s Verse:
 Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal,
 View Heav'n and then enjoy thy glorious Fall.

First write *Bezaiel*, whose Illustrious Name
 Forestals our Praise, and gives his Poet Fame.
 The *Kenites* Rocky Province his Command,
 A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaans* Land;
 Which for its gen'rous Natives yet cou'd be
 Held Worthy such a President as He!
Bezaiel with each Grace, and Virtue Fraught,
 Serene his Looks, serene his Life and Thought,
 On whom so largely Nature heapt her store,
 There scarce remain'd for Arts to give him more!
 To Aid the Crown and State his greatest Zeal,
 His second Care that service to Conceal;
 Of Dues Observant, Firm in ev'ry Trust,
 And to the Needy always more than Just.
 Who Truth from specious falshood can divide,
 Has all the Gown-mens skill without their Pride;
 Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honor won,
 Sees all his Glories copied in his son,
 Whose forward Fame should every Muse engage:
 Whose Youth boasts skill denied to others Age.
 Men, Manners, Language, Books of noblest kind
 Already are the Conquest of his Mind,
 Whose Loyalty before it's Date was prime;
 Nor waited the dull course of rowling Time.
 The Monster *Faction* early he dismaid,
 And *David's* Cause long since confest his aid.
 Brave *Abdael* o're the Prophet's school was plac'd;
Abdael with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;
 A *Heroe*; who while stars look'd wondring down,
 Without one *Hebrew's* Blood restor'd the Crown.
 That Praise was His; what therefore did remain
 For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain
 That Crown restor'd; and in this Rank of Fame,
 Brave *Abdael* with the First a place must claim.
 Proceed illustrious, happy, Chief, proceed,
 Foreseize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,
 While th' inspir'd Tribe attend with noblest strein
 To Register the Glories thou shalt gain:
 For sure, the Dew shall *Gilboah's* Hills forsake,
 And *Jordan* mix his stream with *Sodom's* Lake;

Or Seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
 And to the Sun their scaly Brood expose,
 Or swell'd above the Clifts, their Billows raise,
 Before the Muses leave their Patron's Praise.

Eliab our next Labour do's invite,
 And hard the Task to do *Eliab* right :
 Long with the royal Wanderer he rov'd,
 And firm in all the Turns of Fortunes prov'd!
 Such ancient service and Desert so large,
 Well claim'd the Royal Household for his Charge.
 His age with only one mild Heirefs blest,
 In all the Bloom of smiling Nature drest,
 And blest again to see his Flow'r ally'd
 To *David's* Stock, and made young *Othriel's* Bride!
 The bright Restorer of his Father's youth,
 Devoted to a son's and subject's Truth :
 Resolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,
 So bravely fought (while fought) by *Abfalom*.
 Ah Prince ! th' illustrious Planet of thy Birth,
 And thy more powerfull Virtue guard thy worth:
 That no *Achitophel* thy Ruine boast ;
Israel too much in one such Wreck has lost,

Ev'n Envy must consent to *Helon's* worth,
 Whose soul (tho' *Egypt* glories in his Birth)
 Cou'd for our Captive-ark its Zeal retain,
 And *Pharoah's* Alters in their Pomp disdain :
 To flight his Gods was small ; with nobler pride,
 He all the allurements of his Court def'd.
 Whom Profit nor Example cou'd betray
 But *Israel's* Friend and true to *David's* sway.
 What acts of favour in his Province fall ;
 On Merit he confers, and Freely all.

Our List of Nobles next let *Amry* grace,
 Whose Merits claim'd the *Abethdins* high place;
 Who, with a Loyalty that did excel,
 Brought all th' endowments of *Achitophel*.
 Sincere was *Amry*, and not only knew,
 But *Israel's* Sanctions into practice drew ;
 Our Laws, that did a boundless Ocean seem,
 Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by Him.

No *Rabbin* speaks like him their mystick sense.
So just, and with such charms of Eloquence :
To whom the double B'essing does belong,
With *Moses* inspiration, *Aaron's* tongue.

Than *Sheva*, none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful, as *Judah's* Lion for the Crown.
Who for that Cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious Priests the Cant revive,
In vain seditious Scribes with Libels strive
T'enflame the crowd, while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their Treasons as they fly.
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect,
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So *Moses*, when the Pest on *Legions* preyd,
Advanc'd his Signal, and the Plague was staid.

Once more, my fainting Muse, thy Pinnions try,
And Strengths exhausted store let *Love* supply.
What tribute, *Asaph*, shall we render thee ?
We'll crown thee with a Wreath from thy own Tree !
Thy Lawrel Grove no Envy's flash can blast.
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last !
With wonder late Posterity shall dwell
On *Abfalom*, and false *Achitophel*.
Thy streins shall be our slumbring Prophets dream,
And when our *Sion*, Virgins sing their theam.
Our *Jubilees* shall with thy Verse be grac't,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last !
How fierce his Satyr loos'd, restrain'd, how tame,
How tender of th'offending *Young man's* fame !
How well his worth, and brave adventures still'd,
Just to his Vertues, to his Error mild.
No Page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise, as due ;
Not *Eden* cou'd a fairer prospect yield,
All *Paradise*, without one barren field :
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of *Asaph* shall for ever last !
What praise for such rich strains shall we allow ?
What just rewards the grateful Crown bestow ?

While

While Bees in Flow'rs rejoyce, and Flow'rs in dew,
While Stars and Fountains to their course are true;
While *Judah's* Throne, and *Sion's* Rock stand fast,
The song of *Asaph*, and the fame shall last.
Still *Hebrons* honour'd happy soil retains
Our Royal Heroes beauteous dear remains;
Who now fai's off with winds, nor wishes slack,
To bring his suff'rings bright Companion back,
But e're such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our Coasts restor'd those Blessings see
Without a Bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd *Sodom's* doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious Chance the Valiant di'd.
Give not insulting *Askalon* to know,
Nor let *Gath's* Daughters triumph in our woe!
No Sailer with the News swell *Egypt's* pride,
By what inglorious Fate our Valiant di'd!
Weep *Arnon*! *Jordan* weep thy Fountains dry,
VWhile *Sion's* Rock dissolves for a supply!
Calm were the Elements, nights silence deep,
The waves scarce murm'ring, and the winds asleep;
Yet Fate for ruine takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the Princely Barque devour;
Then Death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous Race,
To Virtues scandal, and the Stars disgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent Powers vouchsaf't to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a list'd field;
A list'd field of Heav'ns and *David's* foes,
Fierce as the Troops that did his youth oppose;
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconqu'ring, thus expir'd:
But Destiny is now their only foe,
And dying, ev'n o're that they triumph too;
VWith loud last breaths their Master's 'scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force cou'd scarce the Fates defraud;
VWho for such Followers lost, O matchless mind,
At his own safety, now almost repin'd!
Say, Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,
Your Praise in Peace, and by *Urania's* Charms;

If all your Suff'rings past so neerly prest,
Or pierc't with halfe so painfull Grief your Breast.

Thus some Diviner Muse her *Heroe* forms
Notsooth'd with soft Delights, but tost in storms.
Not stretcht on Roses in the Myrtle Grove, (Love,
Nor Crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights with
But far remov'd in thundring Camps is found,
His slumbers short, his Bed the herbless Ground
In Task of Danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the Hedg, and flakes with Ice his Thirst.
Long must his Patience strive with Fortunes Rage,
And long opposing Gods themselves engage,
Must see his Country Flame, his Friends destroy'd
Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd,
Such Toil of Fate must build a Man Fame,
And such, to *Israel's* Crown the God-like *David* came,

What suddain Beames dispel the Clouds so fast!
Whose drenching Rains laid all our Vineyards waste?
The Spring so far behind her Course delay'd,
On th' Instant is in all her Bloom array'd;
The winds breath low, the Element serene;
Yet Mark What Motion in the Waves is seen!
Thronging and busie as *Hyblaean* Swarms,
Or stragled Solders summon'd to their Arms!
See where the Princely Barque inloofest Pride,
With all her Guardian Fleet, Adorns the Tide!
High on her Deck the Royal Lovers stand,
Our Crimes to pardon e're they toucht our Land.
Welcome to *Israel*land to *Dauids*breast!
Here all your Toils, here all your Sufferings Rest.

This Year did *Ziloah* Rule *Jerusalem*.
And boldly all seditionts *Syrges* stem,
How e're incumbred with a viler pair
Than *Ziph* and *Shimei* to assist the Chair;
Yet *Ziloah's* Loyal Labours so prevail'd
That Faction at the next Election fail'd;
When ev'n the common Cry did Justice sound,
And Merit by the Multitude was Crown'd;
With *David* then was *Israel's* Peace restor'd,
Crowds Mournd their Errour and Obey'd their Lord.

FINIS.